

Waco Evening News

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Blaine says that sugar may be accounted a luxury. He'll think it is, and a mighty rare one, too, when he reaches for a lump to sweeten his cup of bitterness as he reads the papers on the morning of Nov. 7.—St. Paul Daily News, Decm.

It is said that a change of time will soon be made on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas. What the change will be is not known now. The first Sunday in November is fixed as the time for the new schedule.

Judge Thurman has knocked Republican pretensions "gally west" in Indiana. Give the "Old Roman" a fair start in an open field, and he is a whole team, a lose horse and a cross dog. No political error can stand up before him for a single round, and Republican slang-whangers take to the woods as soon as he strikes a town.—Gazette.

The Republicans will kindly drop New Jersey from the list of doubtful States. She will go Democratic in November "as sure as eggs is eggs." She always flirts with the Republican party during the off years, but in a presidential year she is faithful to her true and only love.—New York Herald.

Railroad officials cause their own unpopularity. In disasters, their insolent refusal to give any news either to the people or to the newspapers is a cruelty for which there is not the slightest excuse. If it were not for the work of the reporters, half of the accidents would never be heard of by the public.—Baltimore American.

At Cambridge, Mass., a few days ago, the members of the Harvard Union—the large debating society of the college—discussed the following: "That the re-election of Grover Cleveland would be for the best interests of the country." After a debate of several hours a vote was taken—significant indeed, says a correspondent, if one will only take into account the situation of this great university in Republican Massachusetts. On the merit of the question 117 votes were cast for Cleveland and 114 against him.

Labouchere, in his London cable letter, says: "I hear that the Emperor's tour to Austria and Italy will cost not less than \$200,000. The amount which has been given away by him to the servant of the sovereigns whom he visits is something fabulous, and his presents of various kinds cost a frightful sum. The Emperor took with him from Berlin 80 diamond rings, 150 silver stars 50 scarf pins, all richly jeweled, 30 diamond bracelets, 6 splendid presentation swords, 30 large photographs of himself, with the Empress and their children, all in good frames, 30 gold watches with chains, 100 cigar cases with the imperial arms and monogram in gold, and 30 stars in diamonds of Orders of the Black and Red Eagle."

At Rockville, Lawrence county, Ky., Miss Maggie Hutchinson, a much admired young lady of that village, met with a tragic death on Sunday evening last. The young men of the village fixed up an old hand-car and gave the young ladies a ride on the Chattahoochee Railroad, a short road that runs through Rockville, or Buchanan, as the postoffice is called. A party of three young men and three young ladies composed the excursionists. Miss Hutchinson and her elder sister setting on the front end of the hand-car, with their feet hanging over the edge. About a mile or two from town and when the car was moving at a rapid rate, Miss Hutchinson's foot caught in between the cross-ties and threw her off the car, and before it was stopped the wheels passed over her neck, almost separating the head from the rest of the body and killing her instantly. Her sister, who attempted to seize her when she fell, was thrown off and received severe bruises about the shoulders and head. Miss Hutchinson was about twenty years old.

JUST FROM SCHOOL.

CHAT WITH A BOY WHO IS STARTING OUT IN LIFE.

The Hard Pan of the Matter—Junior Clerk in a Big Office—The Bookkeeper. A Balance Sheet of Advantages and Disadvantages.

Here you are, 16 years old, just from school, and ready to start out for yourself. Have you ever got down to hard pan? What are you going to do next? Going into business—going to work? What comes first? The hard pan of the matter is just here—what can you do?

Read, write, and do short sums. Reading? No money in that unless you mean to be a public reader, and that means a beautiful voice and years of training and study. Writing and arithmetic? Why, everybody can do that. There isn't a cent in such things. Then what was the use of learning these things? Because they are the hard pan of every art, trade, business and profession; and while they will not bring wages, you cannot get good wages without them.

Every business requires some one to "keep the books." There is something for you. Become a clerk. You set out to get a place, and at once find that, while hundreds want clerks, there are thousands who want to be clerks. Not one of the fellows who have places seems to want to give it to you, and, worse than all, half of the clerks are girls. It's enough to make a man discouraged to see the way the girls have pushed into all the good places down town. A fellow has no chance now.

At last you get a place—junior clerk in a big office, with a dozen clerks above you, and half of them girls. The chief clerk gets a hundred a month, the others very much less, and you—well, it doesn't pay quite as well as being a bricklayer or carpenter. All the same, you mean to try it. Besides, you don't know how to lay bricks, and as for driving nails, you always hit your thumb. Pretty soon you find all the clerks, both men and women, are on the lookout for something better. The men want to go into the business, and the women—well, they hope to go home some day and never come back. Some of them, both men and women, hope to become cashiers or head bookkeepers or accountants, because, as they tell you, the higher the work the bigger the wages.

So the hard pan of the business is that to earn good wages as a clerk, you must be able to do more than read, write and cipher pretty well, or as well as you do. You must go to work and learn a complicated art, and it is doubtful if you can do this without two years' hard work in a school or an office. Very hard pan. Just so, but here is the bottom fact. To earn good wages, you must be able to do something well. Thousands can do as well as you can when you come out of school. The slow, the stupid, the lazy and the careless will underbid you, will work for less money, and unless you can do better, your chances of earning a living as a mere common clerk are very small indeed. As for making a fortune—well, it isn't there.

Suppose you do learn the art, and become a first rate bookkeeper and accountant, what are the bottom facts of the business? Under the term bookkeeper, there are hundreds of thousands of people employed in this country in stores, offices, banks, steamship and railroad offices, telegraph offices, manufacturing companies and shops of all kinds. Now is this the best thing for you—the best work you can do? Let us figure it up, and strike a balance sheet of advantages and disadvantages.

First of all, health, as that is the most valuable thing in the world. The work is done indoors, in close and often dark rooms, often in the midst of noise, hurry and confusion. Decidedly, it is not a healthy trade, though, of course, it is not dangerous, and men do often live to be gray old clerks. Second, chances. Does it give chances to rise? Yes. It gives chances for a smart young fellow like you to look about and pick up information, and learn some other business or profession. This is the chief value of a clerkship. It leads to something else. It is true, on the other hand, that these chances are very much less today than fifty years ago, because business of all kinds now requires so much capital. A bookkeeper in a bank or railroad office can hardly expect to start a bank or set up his own little railroad. Thirdly, is it a business you want to follow all your life? Will you be content always to be a clerk, and nothing but a clerk? Plenty of people, both men and women, never expect to be anything else, and lead quiet, sensible, safe, and often very happy lives, saving money and earning the respect of all who know them.

Strike your own trial balance. There is the hard pan of the matter. What do you think? Is it a good thing for you—the best thing you can do? Nothing like having a straight up and down talk with yourself about the real bottom facts of the case.

Would you like it? That's the point. Now we are flat on hard pan. Would you like it? What a man likes he does well; what he does well brings good wages. A man's work is for his life. It is not for this month or this year. You are not working for next Saturday's pay. You are working for the wages you will get when you are forty years older. If you like accounts, if the work is interesting, if you mean to rise to be a cashier, or chief bookkeeper in some great house, all right. Work, study, practice, prepare to rise, for you must rise if you do these things. Go into the business as a life work. Climb on the clerk's stool, resolved to stay there.

But if you dislike to go to the desk in the morning, and are glad the close the big ledgers at night, consider well these things. You will wear neat clothes, have white, weak hands, and pale, thin blood, good pay and a nice home, and with a frugal wife may lay up a little money, join a building association, and some day own a little home of your own—and you will hate it all your life long. Better climb down from that stool, and dig about among the real facts of this world till you come to the hard pan of your life.—Charles Barnard in Once a Week.

In an Old English Village. With few exceptions the houses are built close to the street; one steps from the sidewalk into the front doorway. The exceptions are the houses of "the gentry." These are built behind high walls, with a locked iron gate to keep out intruders, at which one must pull a bell wire if he desires admission. Within these walled enclosures are usually handsome gardens; indeed, I found one or two pretty ones behind very unattractive houses not so enclosed. The average Englishman has no idea of spending money and time for the decoration of other people's eyes; he wants his pleasant sights and smells all to himself and his chosen friends, and will tolerate no uninvited partnerships. There is no sitting out doors in England, as with us, and in the largest private gardens one seldom sees a bench or a settee. An Englishman's house is his castle, and he feels most like its commander when he is within its walls.—William T. Finley in Lyons Republican.

Eating caraway seed is said not only to aid weak digestion, but to make the eyes bright and strengthen the sight.

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